OREGON VOICE

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really tying the room together since 1989

Home & Garden

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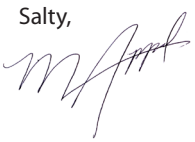
PUBLISHER'S NOTE

What makes a party house a party home? There's no simple answer, and as much as I wish this Home & Garden issue of the Oregon Voice was just a catalog full of shit you could buy to make you feel as though you have a rich and fulfilling household, it's not. But what we lack in embroidered hand towels we make up for in home-hitting content sprinkled with sass.

This magazine has just been a treat to produce. Speaking of treats, peep page 14 for a very special recipe from our resident chef Smokey Buddersworth. Anyway, over the course of production we've noticed a recurring theme that organically came to life in the Home & Garden issue: fuck corporations! I realize that statement seems cliche, but know that I don't just throw out exclamation points like a new mom on Facebook. From the threat of approaching coal trains in Eugene to campus housing companies owned by some douchebag on a yacht, it's important for us to remember that we're regularly getting fucked with by the rich, and at this point it really can't be said enough. Write it in your diary at night if you're too cool to give a shit by day. Or better yet, read this magazine. In our significantly fatter review section you'll get the lowdown on the anonymously authored book *Evasion*, a true story about hopping the suburban fence and living the anti-consumerist life. But if you must consume, consume M. Ward's new album *A Wasteland Companion*, and let NoPo tell you why. Not to mention our garden crawl across Eugene, an inspiring celebration of self-sufficient munchies, and some helpful tips from me on page 6 for evading the always approaching campus canvassers as they attempt to stare directly into your soul.

Damn, honestly I want to list off all the great shit you should read in this magazine right now, but there's actually a contents page right over there, so whatever. Spring has sprung people, go eat a mango and get some booty.

Salty,



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GRASS SEED POLLEN

words **TROY BRYNELSON**
art **JACK WASHER**

Finally, it's spring. The sun is coming out. The yoga pants are finally in the laundry and the sundresses are coming to class. Flowers are blooming, birds and bees are everywhere, blatant sexual image after blatant sexual image — it's a very exciting time of the year. That is to say, unless you have a pollen allergy. Eugene just so happens to be at the southern tip of the undisputed "grass-seed capital of the world" in the Willamette Valley, which makes its pollen count one of the highest in the world. For some of you this should explain the chorus of sneezing that erupts on campus at the 50 minute mark of every hour. I hate to gripe, but pollen shows up, uninvited, and basically cockblocks every allergic person by turning us into dry, red-faced Elephant Men. It's like a shitty craigslist roommate who comes home right when you and your special someone are getting hot and heavy. Except its arrival makes you projectile sneeze and you quickly find out that's not one of your lover's turn-ons, leaving you single and snot-covered.

PAPER-PUSHING PROFS

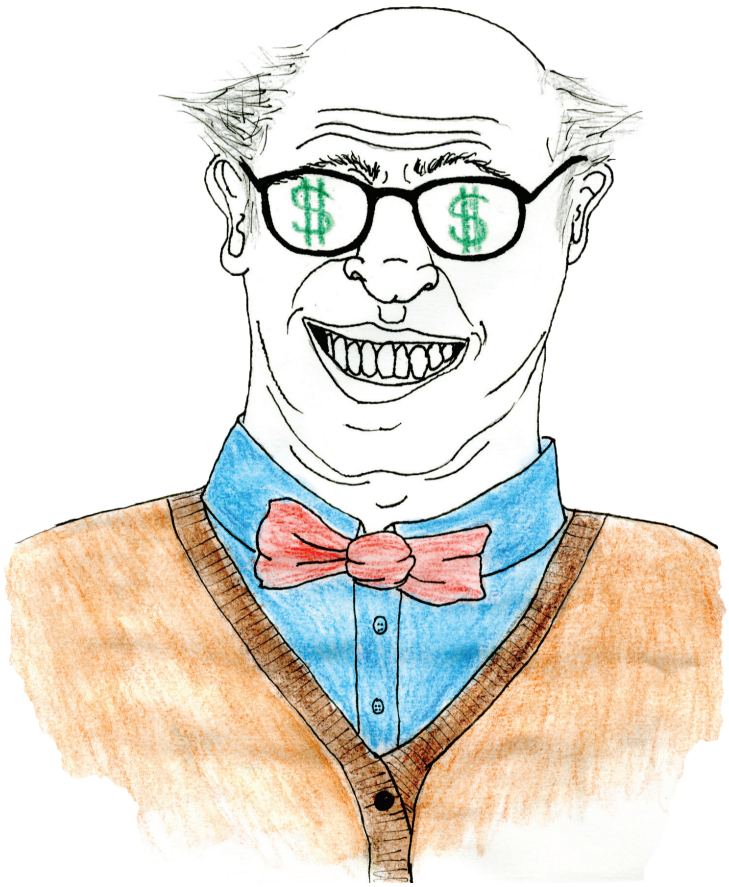
words **NOAH DEWITT**

Incompetent instructors, overworked and underpaid faculty, 300-student lecture classes that are more about PowerPoint memorization than anything else, routine tuition hikes: There are a lot of reasons why a University of Oregon undergrad education is a total scam. Add to that list professors who require their students to buy their own published work and profit off of it.

It's not terribly rampant — most faculty have the decency to furnish their research to their tuition-paying pupils free of charge — but it does happen. And this term it happened to me. The class: Media Ethics, an exploration of moral dilemmas that media professionals face and a requirement for all journalism majors. The prof: Thomas Bivins, editorial cartoonist and author of *Mixed Media*, which is the only textbook required for his class.

Excuse me? I beg your pardon? A scholar of media ethics forcing some 120 students (many of them already incurring debt just to cover tuition) to shell out 45 bucks at the Duck Store — just to reap his 10 percent from the publisher? If yellow, self-serving, student-exploiting Ph.D.s like Bivins are the ethical guides for J students, then how does that bode for the moral fabric of tomorrow's media makers? Not well.

But what makes me spit on the ground everytime I hear professor Bivins' name uttered is the fact that his textbook is available online through the UO library to all university students for free — *and Bivins didn't tell us*. What the fuck, paper-pushing professors?! I don't pay the University to pay you to dupe your students into buying your books like mindless puppets of the publishing industry. I feel swindled.



WTF Donut holes, where's the rest? **WTF** Uncomfortable-looking sandals, why so many ladies down with you? **WTF** MegaUpload, what happened? **WTF** Mom, every day should be yours. **WTF** Eugene, why can't we have a good Pho restaurant? **WTF** Post-graduate me, why am I so broke? **WTF** Electric staplers, you are so unnecessary.

STRIP SEARCH LAW

words **THE WOLF**

Earlier this spring the U.S. Supreme Court quietly came to a decision about a little-known case called *Florence v. Burlington County*. The case, which Mr. Florence lost, was a lawsuit brought against a county in New Jersey challenging the legality of the two strip searches that Mr. Florence was forced to go through after being wrongfully arrested. The Supreme Court voted 5-4 in favor of Burlington County, essentially legalizing strip searches for any individual upon entry to jail. The court did mention that there are very few states that have any actual legislation concerning strip searches by police and that their decision could be bypassed by new state legislation. In other words, these strip searches will only be legal as long as state governments let them. The justices agreed with the reasoning that operating a prison is hard work and that these strip searches would make security officials and inmates safer. However, it seems to me, and hopefully it is apparent to most people, that the biggest risk of prison life is not the drugs or weapons that people smuggle in; rather it is the threat of sexual assault that is inherent to a confined population. Increased strip searches are not a solution, nor are they an appropriate way to keep citizens safe. All it took for Mr. Florence of New Jersey to get his time in the high beams was a police mix-up. WTF, police? How does sexually assaulting citizens keep them safer? WTF, Mr. Florence? How did you lose the argument that strip searches are bad? And finally, WTF, Supreme Court? Strip searches won't prevent sexual assault. They *are* sexual assault.

A pox on you, sunlight!

I used to be friends with one of his best friends, and he's just an evil dick.

OK. I've actually seen A LOT of cute white guys today.

I wore like a banana hammock and everything. I'm not embarrassed because it was professional.

I'm Connor, and I open minds.

The only mustache that, like, doesn't look weird to me is my dad's.

It's really interesting that your joke was so funny, because usually your jokes aren't funny at all.

LAZARUS PIT

A place for mosh pits in the Whiteaker.

words **C.W. KEATING**
art **IMOGEN BANKS**

A skinny, long-haired guy tinkers around on his MacBook behind a drum kit, his fingers furiously typing. A split second later the room is filled with a dense layer of metallic fuzz, the drummer's arms flailing over his tortured playing, his voice all gut and growl. Mania has started to play. People start to push each other around, the smell of beer hanging in the air as the aural barrage continues.

Ladies and gentlemen, I present the Lazarus Pit.

Located on 3rd and Adams in the esteemed Whiteaker neighborhood, the Lazarus Pit is in a unique position as one of the few houses that consistently puts on punk and metal shows around the Eugene area. Shows usually cost somewhere between three and five bucks, but bribes of booze or pot are also perfectly acceptable. The house also encourages audience members to buy t-shirts, CDs and other such swag to support touring bands.

The crowd ranges between flannel-clad college students, co-opers, crust punks, and fragrant "metal hippies." You'll see them mingling on the front lawn, huddled in groups of black-clad smokers, talking fervently about Burzum or Black Flag. Most of the socializing happens in this outdoor area, which is comprised of a small patio area and some scattered couches. Not everyone is particularly nice, but there's a strong sense of brotherhood and community that transcends personal differences, a sense of "this is our house, so don't fuck with it."

That fraternal spirit is especially evident in the performance area. Bands and audience are so close to one another that it's almost intimate. The restroom is littered with zines, old cassette tapes, and action figures. You can literally feel the walls shake while someone plays, as though the entire house could crumble at any minute. And that's exactly what a metal house should feel like.

AVOIDING THE CAMPUS CANVASSER

Do you have a minute to suck my dick?

words **MAGARET APPEL**

You head out the door to University of Oregon campus each morning knowing a few things: There will be a bake sale on 13th Avenue, you will be asked if you want a copy of the *Oregon Daily Emerald* (you don't), and probably more than once you will be approached by a vest-wearing guy with desperation in his eyes and a clip board in his hands. Whether you're a registered voter or not, you don't want to deal with this shit right now, and you need to act quickly. Below are a few official Oregon Voice strategies for avoiding the campus canvasser.

The Phony — A classic 21st century method that involves bringing the cell phone to the ear and pretending to have a conversation to avoid all possible threats of face-to-face conversation in your immediate surroundings.

The Costanza —A *Seinfeld*-inspired strategy that requires one to appear to be very busy. Achieved by walking at a rapid pace, slightly shaking the head in frustration, or putting the hand to the forehead in an Excedrin-commercial fashion.

The Total Dick — Be a total dick.

The Sarcastic Enthusiast Dick — Unlike the Total Dick method, this one involves maintaining a cheerful expression and tone of voice. Dismiss your canvasser with a large smile and an enthusiastic "Absolutely not!"

The Game Changer — A lot of room for fun with this one. Respond to your canvasser with something that will really throw them off course. By the time they come up with a response, they'll be watching your booty go. Example: "Ex-con's can't sign those things," or "I had sex with your mother."

The Pondering Stoner —
"Do you have time to save a child?"
"What is time?"

The Auto Tune Out — Don't worry, auto tune doesn't actually have to be involved. Put on some headphones and enjoy a little music as you breeze through this miserable world. Oregon Voice recommends using $300 headphones endorsed by famous rappers.

PYGMY GOATS

They're chill, advocates say.

words **BEN STONE**

After decades of shadowy existence, the underground Eugene collective of pygmy goat owners finally had its voice heard in a February City Council meeting. According to *The Register-Guard*, Councilor George Brown used the Council's February 27 session to bump a proposal that would allow city residents with at least 400 square feet of property to own and cherish up to three pygmy goats. Though City Manager John Ruiz stated that the Council could consider the proposal this summer, fellow Councilor and goat skeptic George Poling was quick to put this timetable on blast, arguing that rowdy area dogs already cause enough ruckus for animal control officers to handle.

Would an influx of pygmy goats into the city cause problems? Are pygmy goats as chill as they sound? In order to get a grip on these issues I talked to a former goat breeder named Erin, who used to operate the Four Z Ranch just outside of Eugene. She said she didn't foresee things in Eugene changing much as a result of the proposal, although three goats in a small space seemed like a lot to her. In a short amount of time, she articulated a very persuasive argument for the legalization of urban goat tending.

"You can milk them, and if you're okay with an uneven mow job they can keep your grass short," Erin told me. "And, you know, they'll keep your blackberries eaten." So they're useful. But are they chill? Definitely. "They're really friendly, really sweet. If you had a kid... a pygmy goat would be a great goat for a kid."

I asked Erin if she foresaw any conflicts arising between goat owners and their neighbors, who wouldn't have enough direct contact with the goats to recognize their gentle nature.

"Well, they're free-poopers — they poop while they walk — so there's not really a smell problem. And I mean, chickens make noise and goats make noise, and they allow chickens don't they? [Author's note: Truth] Goats make no more noise than chickens do."

Erin concluded with this Zen observation before returning to her work: "Everything makes noise."

FLOAT TANKS...

...Are a thing.

words **AIDAN MCCLEAN**

When was the last time you were in the safety of your mother's womb? Probably not since birth. Well, thanks to the pitch black, body-temperature water-filled vessel known as a float tank, you can once again feel the workings of the in utero gestation you formerly called home. But don't worry, you're not hooked up to an umbilical cord and breathing through a placenta. In the tank your face floats above water and you are free to get out at any time.

Float Tanks are roughly 8 feet by 6 feet, with 2 feet of water and 800 pounds of epsom salt in it for buoyancy — so you ain't goin' nowhere. It is free of light and noise pollution, unless you choose to listen to a recording. You are encouraged to shower off and enter the tank naked, but a swimsuit is optional.

Once you are in the tank, you lay back and allow yourself to float. Some people say they feel claustrophobic at first, but after about 10 minutes, all of that anxiety goes away and sensory deprivation starts to set in.

For the average floater looking for relaxation and stress relief, two hours in the tank is just the right amount. However, those who are interested in expanding their minds and exploring different dimensions tend to desire lengthier and more frequent visits.

Originally float tanks were used for experimenting with the brain. In the 1950s, a neuroscientist and psychiatrist named John C. Lilly used the tank to test if the brain would stay stimulated when all of one's senses are shut off. Joe Rogan, former host of *Fear Factor*, has done some experimenting of his own in the tank. He talks about the mind-altering soak he had in the tank in a Youtube video.

Float tanks have since popped up in places all over the world. These days, getting into a tank can be as easy as getting a massage or a haircut. The Deep Haven float tank center on Hawthorne Boulevard in Portland offers 90-minute floats for $45. And rumor has it, some lady off of Coburg Road rents out her tank for a dollar a minute; she doesn't have a website (sketch), so if you're fitting to float, good luck tracking her down.

DEAR GINGER BEARD

Submit questions for Ginger Beard to oregonvoice@gmail.com.

For emergencies, contact the Dear Ginger Beard 24-hour crisis hotline: 405-205-5409.

wisdom **PARKER MULLINS**
photo **COURTNEY HENDRICKS**

Dear Gingerbeard,

My older brother and I have always been really close, but I'm afraid he's becoming a bit of a yuppie. He and his wife are really into their furniture, he's really serious about his career, and he quit smoking weed. I, on the other hand, don't really have a bed, smoke hella weed, and couldn't be less serious about my career. Are my bro and I doomed to drift apart?

- Young Rural Un-Professional

The first aspect to note, YRUP, is the nature of the furniture obsession. If it's Ikea, your bro is in a phase, perhaps disillusioned with his life's transition into adulthood. If it's vintage or antique, however, there may be a little more on his plate that needs to be sifted through. Regardless, neither has strict implications for the future of your relationship. I, for one, never thought I would be close to my brother, a guy who held every weight lifting record at my high school, played varsity football every year, and roughed up my scraggly, pansy, emo (in high school) ass regularly for over 17 years. But upon his arrival in college, this all changed. Now we're incredibly close, both of us having realized the errors of our respective jock and darkly effeminate ways. That's the intrinsic beauty of brotherly love. I have never met male siblings who didn't face dark times in their relationship at some point, but it's never too late to stoke that fraternal fire. Toking and furniture choice have no clout in this matter. Homies drift from the herb. Sometimes they come back; sometimes it's better that it stays out of their regimen. What is certain is that he's your flesh and blood, YRUP, and no matter how far you drift, there is always an opportunity for reconciliation, whether it's spending a day downtown catching up over a healthy futon purchase or sparking up some trees over a game of Super Smash Bros.

Dear Gingerbeard,

How the hell did We Are Oregon win the elections? They support guns on campus, want to keep a mandatory reporting policy, are going to try to privatize our university, not to mention HALF OF THEIR SLATE IS GREEK LIFE. I can see it in the future: giant fucking O's on everything, more student incidental fees for the* Oregon Commentator *and before you know it the Duck Store will start to sell their lame-ass PEACE LOVE FRAT shirts. All I'm saying, how did the ducks stoop to such a counter revolutionary level? Please shed some light on this issue, I am truly scared.

- Horrified Co-oper

To be honest, HC, through my years at this university I have unfortunately more often than not fallen into the "let's ignore student government" crowd. It's always seemed like a replica of high school student government — false promise-yelling kids whose mommies and daddies are willing them all the buttons and Kinko's garb money can buy. But with such a fat sum of money riding on the ASUO's actions (13 milli, son), it really isn't comparable. Although I've been complacent in the past, this election was incredibly important. It was also a shit show. I'm as disconcerted as you are about the outcome of this hacker-laden student election. Until recently, I was under the illusion that students at this university were in complete agreement that gats on campus, regardless of who's packing them, are completely sketch and unnecessary. So what? We may be one of two universities in the PAC 12 to allow guns. At the UO, threats that call for armed DPS officers don't exist. Overly shaven nutsacks and people who don't know how to drive $80,000 cars pose more of a daily disturbance to the lives of students at the UO than anything else. Thus, the pathetic amount of attention paid to We Are Oregon's platform is disturbing. The only tangible conclusion to draw from this outcome is that students at this university have an unbreakable affinity towards brightly colored t-shirts emblazoned with simple statements in bold sans-serif, somewhere mentioning this school or the state of Oregon. If this pattern continues, I too feel we are destined for a dark future where every day is ESPN *GameDay* and everyone majors in Greek Life.

RENTER'S REVENGE

When Jessie learned that her corrupt-ass rental company was in the wrong, she sued the shit out of it. Do you know your rights?

words **WILL STEVENS**
art **MEAGHAN LARKIN**

Amidst the turmoil of life in college, we often take comfort in whatever form of consistency we might find, the biggest being a place to call home. But every year in Eugene, where college students comprise a sizable chunk of the city's renters, students are conned into lease agreements with shady, racketeering property management companies. These companies' bloodthirsty profit interests are shown with devouring damage deposits and by turning a blind eye to maintenance and the general wellness of tenants. But despite the stranglehold these companies have, there is hope for students to fight back against their landlord oppressors. With great fervor and perseverance, one student has reclaimed her dignity after being pushed to the brink of renter's hell.

The ongoing saga of Jessie is part cautionary tale, part inspiration to anyone sensing their landlord might be screwing them. Jessie, a junior double majoring in history and political science, is licking her chops after a bruising war with Pegasus Pizza and her rental company. Her bedroom wall connects to the kitchen of the off-campus pizza joint. Soon after moving in, she was kept awake by the abhorrent blasting of the kitchen's subwoofer late at night, well after the restaurant closes, and also in violation of Eugene city noise ordinances, prohibiting amplified sound from 10 p.m. to 7 a.m.

After taking the high road and politely asking the kitchen workers at Pegasus to turn the music off at night, Jessie (whose last name will be withheld for the protection of her ongoing settlement negotiations) turned to her rental company to address the issue. A few bureaucratic phone calls later, nothing changed, the music kept blasting, and Jessie rarely slept. While repeatedly contacting her rental company, she found out Pegasus workers had been lying to her landlord about how loud the music was. Because Pegasus owns the entire building and leases out the apartment space to the rental company, (which also will not be mentioned by name for the protection of Jessie's settlement terms), Jessie drew the logical connection that her landlord probably thought to not interfere with Pegasus' inside goings-on so as to protect the friendly business relations. What was one complaining 19-year-old going to do, anyway?

It was at this point that Jessie decided to get nasty. She started phoning the police every night the sub-woofer blasted past 10. Following miscommunication between the police dispatchers, a citation could not be written, but Pegasus workers complied in turning down the music a little, but not off. Despite visits from the police to address the noise, Jessie's landlord claimed he had no grounds to intervene because of a lack of citation. So while the music stopped blaring nightly, the issue wasn't getting resolved, and Jessie thought about throwing in the towel. She didn't want to be the person who phoned the police constantly. It appeared she was in for a rough year with little to no sleep.

One day it dawned on Jessie to meet with the free ASUO legal services on campus to discuss if there was anything she could do legally to resolve the issue. Because Jessie had kept logs of all the phone conversations she had with her landlord, she had proof that her rental company was not upholding its end of her lease agreement in protecting her from harm brought about by the repeated noise violations. In talking with another agent at the rental company, Jessie discovered her landlord failed to even visit the pizzeria to inquire about noise violations. Jessie finally had a case — and new hope for a full night's rest.

After a few more meetings with the attorney, Jessie wrote a formal letter to her rental company citing specific violations of her contract and demanding a renegotiation of her lease terms, including reduced rent on the claims that her bedroom was "unusable" for much of the day when the sub-woofer was being played. The rental company responded with a counter offer, finally showing some sign of admission of responsibility. Specifics being withheld, the conditions of the new agreement seem very fair for a student who suffered for over four months of sleepless nights.

"I advise everyone to stay persistent if they feel they have been wronged by their landlords," said Jessie. "These companies assume college students don't know any better, that kids will be too lazy to fight for their own rights as renters."

Jessie advises others to keep logs of all landlord communication, save letters, take pictures, and make sure that any newly negotiated terms are kept in writing. She credits the ASUO legal services with helping her finally attain justice.

"I'll never use a rental company again, it's been such a nightmare, but my story should serve to inform others to remain persistent and to fight for their rights."

THE OREGON VOICE GETS SPRUNG:

Garden Crawl

photos **CHRISTINE DONG**

Urban Farm: The UO's Saving Grace

words **PARKER MULLINS**

Usually, a campus location this famous does not need a review. Most students at this university have heard some sort of thing regarding the loot of veggies, kooky teachers, and rad potlucks involved with this class. Regardless, no garden crawl would be complete without a look inside this campus vestige of hippiedom and Uncle Phil-free ideology. Being one of the most requested classes at the UO, Urban Farm usually fills up before I register. But finally, in spring term of my senior year, I was able to join its dirty ranks. No three-line course description could have prepared me for what was in store.

Spending time working in beds of chocolate-cake-quality soil surrounding a beautiful, pagan, phallic monument can get anyone goin'. For the nearly 30 years this class has been in operation, green-minded UO students have been sticking around the premises way longer than intended. Whether it's after class hours, after the term is over, or even after graduation. A hefty portion of the group leaders who now work there are former students who never found a way to leave the farm — a part of the university that is so inherently *refreshing*.

Imogen Banks (above) loves the Urban Farm for its romantic side. During the spring, students shed their winter layers to plant summer crops. It's a sexy scene, no doubt.

In spite of this, the John Jaqua Jockbox and its unnecessarily large parking lot still threaten the farm's integrity on a fairly regular basis. In stead of paving paradise for a jock-exclusive parking lot, the UO should require that athletes take this class. I mean, a little Slow Food can never hurt one's physical talents. Also, De'Anthony Thomas shoveling chicken feces decked out in Carhart gear is a hella tight image. Regardless of my thoughts on that tangent, any review on the Urban Farm should stress its importance to a campus that is constantly shifting in the direction of privatization and industrial syncretism with the educational sphere. Urban Farm stands very much in opposition to this idea, as exemplified by the community it continues to cultivate.

Avant Garden: Sidewalk Art-Swap

words **MARGARET APPEL**

Could there be a cuter half-a-block in town? At the corner of 15th Avenue and Lincoln Street you will find yourself approaching the Avant Garden, a 30-foot fence with several chalkboards and clothespins attached for anyone cruising through the hood to get artsy with. The chalkboards are a mess of words and random doodles continuously being erased and done over by the next passing homie, and the clothespins give you a reason to put something meaningful on a piece of paper and hang it up. The fence surrounds the house of Cooper Otte, a local chiller who had the idea to start the Avant Garden about five years ago. Apparently Cooper started the garden by just nailing some pieces of cardboard to his fence and throwing a bucket of markers next to it. And like all successful gardens, his project grew into something way cooler than sitting around watching Netflix.

Along the sidewalk are some beautiful and, for lack of a better term, "quirky," bamboo carvings and various sculptures intertwined with the scattered plant life. Most of the work featured in the front and side yard are provided by Cooper's father, but the fence contributions come from any passersby who may be feeling creative. A lot of these contributions come from local kiddos, being that they're generally more creative and inspired than we are.

Oregon Voice resident self-centered bitch Margaret Appel harshly criticizes the stylistic elements of the childrens' chalkboard drawings at the Avant-Garden.

Honestly, it's difficult to capture in words the way you feel walking past the Avant Garden, and allow me now to break from my standard sarcastic bitchiness in order to do so: You pass by this place and you kind of just shut the fuck up for a second, slow down your gait, and appreciate the simplicity of a small anonymous display of art. People are so often consumed with personal property — be it their own artwork or their own yard, and the Avant Garden is a place where property lines are erased like chalk on a chalkboard and replaced with something else.

David Stucky's Permaculture Paradise

words **JORDAN CHESNUT**

David Stuckey is Eugene's Mr. Rogers — well, in a town with high communitarian values, he is maybe one of a fistful of individuals who lace their shoes every morning with The Neighborhood in mind. Regardless, on the corner of 26th Avenue and Harris Street, David's garden is the backyard equivalent of

David Stuckey has six chickens, and he eats their orange-yolked eggs to fufill his daily protein quota.

eyelash batting — it beckons a pedestrian to double take. His open-gate policy brings passersby and volunteers in daily. "I have at least 40 people come in to help out every year."

David, who is working on re-building his house from the Earth up, has owned two adjacent lots for 15 years. Posted on the corner, David has been at the forefront of the Eugene garden revival — witnessing radical gardening take off as more houses nearby have stripped sod for something slightly more edible. For David and his wife Katherine, it all started when he broke down the fence separating his home from the one next door and began to till the suburb.

Now his lot is in full swing, with spiraling paths of veggies, herbs, booming berry bushes, plans for rooftop water catchment, six chickens, two families of bees, and towering pea trellises arching over the sidewalk. Oh, and David also holds the local status as unofficial honeybee guru for his hand built apiaries (bee boxes), which he installs in backyards and farms around Eugene.

The Stuckster wasn't around when the OV crawled by — so I revisited on my bicycle the next weekend. David was out and watching his bees. He had just been called up about sedating and transferring a wild hive in the next month and said I could join him if I want. "It will be weird," he winked.

Green Living Center for Students, CASL, Prepares for Lift-Off

words **LUCY OHLSEN**

As we mosey down Moss street in the soft heat of the sun, the warm air lulls us towards CASL. We lean our bikes up against the expansive porch of a compact little house and tip-toe around to the back yard.

The Center for the Advancement of Sustainable Living is a work in progress, as the backyard makes obvious. Random pots and shovels, piles of sticks, unused building materials, and a mini grove of bamboo lay scattered across the grass. Evidence of potential garden beds and crafty little projects abound, but on a Sunday afternoon, everything just quietly soaks up the sun.

CASL belongs to the UO, but it's not covered in green and yellow Duck shit, and not a single Oregon O is to be seen. CASL is a house where students will be able to learn hands-on how to live with a low impact on the Earth. It runs on solar power, has a rainwater catchment

Top: Voice Dawgs roam through David Stuckey's backyard. David says his is a permaculture garden — Google it.
Middle: Top Dawg Noah Dewitt is thoroughly down with the rainwater catchment barrel in front of CASL, which harnesses water from Eugene's daily downpour for use around the house and in the garden.
Bottom: Huerto de la Familia, a non-profit group in Eugene, gives plots at Skinner City Farm to low-income Latino families so they can grow their own food.

Lucy Ohlsen sits next to flowering kale at Skinner City Farm. The size of the plants indicates healthy soil.

system, sports low-flow fixtures, and offers ample bicycle parking space. Produce from the CASL garden will be cooked up in the kitchen, and a graywater system will ensure further Earth-friendly efficiency. CASL will soon be home to three directors, who'll share their living space to demonstrate what low-impact living actually looks like to students.

We stoop on the porch, an ideal platform for a snack of raw cashews and ambrosial dates. Earth offers her sanctity, and we bask in it for a few fleeting moments. When we leave and bike towards the Matthew Knight Arena and the Jacqua center, my heart breaks a little bit, yearning for more of the down-home Oregon charm that CASL encapsulates so well.

Skinner City Farm: A Pedal-Powered Community Garden

words **NOAH DEWITT**

For the last leg of the Garden Crawl, our green-thumbed bike brigade pumped and coasted its way down the River Path to Skinner City Farm, where we were warmly welcomed by profuse amounts of bicycle parking. Operated in part by the Center for Appropriate Transport (CAT), a nearby non-profit bicycle manufacturer and advocacy group, SCF is where the movements for sustainable food and sustainable transportation rub elbows. Souls lucky enough to own a community garden plot at SCF have free access to CAT's cache of cargo bikes and trailers for hauling supplies to and from the garden. You could say that Skinner City is on that next-level, grow-your-own-food, burn-your-own-calories, we-don't-need-no-fossil-fuels tip.

After U-locking our mechanical steeds at the corral of bolted steel racks, we strolled about the farm's two acres and checked out the mosaic of beds, trellises, and plastic-sheet greenhouses. Located on the squishy, puddled plane of clay between Skinner Butte and the Willamette's south bank, SCF's expansive green surroundings are a major plus.

Even before anyone was sure whether spring had sprung, things at Skinner City Farm seemed to be coming along nicely. Kristin Sweeney, who rents one of SCF's community garden plots, was covering her weedy tract of grass with flattened cardboard boxes and a few inches of moist, decaying leaves — a technique she recommends for turning a lawn into fertile, veggie-friendly soil in a matter of weeks. The community garden plots, which are allocated by lottery and cost $100 for a year, make up about a third of the farm. CAT controls another chunk and uses the yields to feed its resident staffers; another portion belongs to Huerto de la Familia, a nonprofit that gives Latino families opportunities to grow their own food.

Skinner City also has a compost system that turns food waste from area restaurants into dank, wormy dirt and a Will Work for Veggies program that compensates weekly volunteers with a share of the yields. But its dopest feature of all is probably the Mobile Cannery Unit, a humongous CAT-built recumbent tricycle with more gears than a car, equipped with sinks, propane stoves, and everything you need to can your own veggies to last the winter. "We bring it around to all these community gardens and give demos," says Michael Kern, who works at CAT and helps out at SCF. "It's mostly to show off how easy it is to create food security."

Basically, when shit and the fan finally do make contact and soaring gas prices cut off America's food supply, the crew at Skinner City Farm will be sowing seeds for another season, dining on some home-canned tomatoes, and doing wheelies on cargo bikes.

UNFORG-EDIBLES WITH SMOKEY BUDDERSWORTH PRESENTS:

WOWNIES!

recipe **SMOKEY BUDDERSWORTH**
photos **SREANG HOK**

WOWNIES! RECIPE

Ingredients:
2 ounces unsweetened baking chocolate, coarsely chopped
1/2 cup wacky butter (recipe on following page)
1 cup sugar
2 large eggs
1/2 teaspoon pure vanilla extract
1/4 cup all-purpose flour
1/4 teaspoon salt

Step 1: Preheat the oven to 325 degrees F. Butter and flour an 8-inch square baking pan.

Step 2: Melt the chocolate and wacky butter in a stainless steel bowl placed over a saucepan of simmering water.

Step 3: Remove from heat and stir in the sugar. Next, stir in the vanilla extract and eggs. Then add the flour and salt.

Step 4: Pour into the prepared pan and bake for about 30 to 35 minutes.

Step 5: Remove from oven and let cool on a wire rack. Serve at room temperature with dope music.

WACKY BUTTER RECIPE

Things you need:

— a wooden spoon for stirring

— a Crock-Pot

— 1 oz. Oregon Voice Signature Herb Blend

— 1 lb. butter (or coconut oil if you don't moo)

— cheesecloth

— large container with a lid

— passion and love

Step 1: Turn on the Beach Boys' *Greatest Hits*.

Step 2: Fill the Crock-Pot with water until it is about 1 ½ inches deep. Turn the crock pot on, and let the water come to a boil.

Step 3: Once the water is boiling, add the butter. Use 4 sticks (1 lb.) to every ounce of Oregon Voice Signature Herb Blend.

Step 4: Now you add the Oregon Voice Signature Herb Blend.

Step 5: Set the crock pot on low heat and stir occasionally. Enjoy the music and sweet cooking aroma.

Step 6: Let the butter mixture simmer overnight (or 12 hours). Turn the heat off and let it cool down.

Step 7: Put the cheesecloth over the container. Pour the entire mixture through the cheesecloth to strain the leaves.

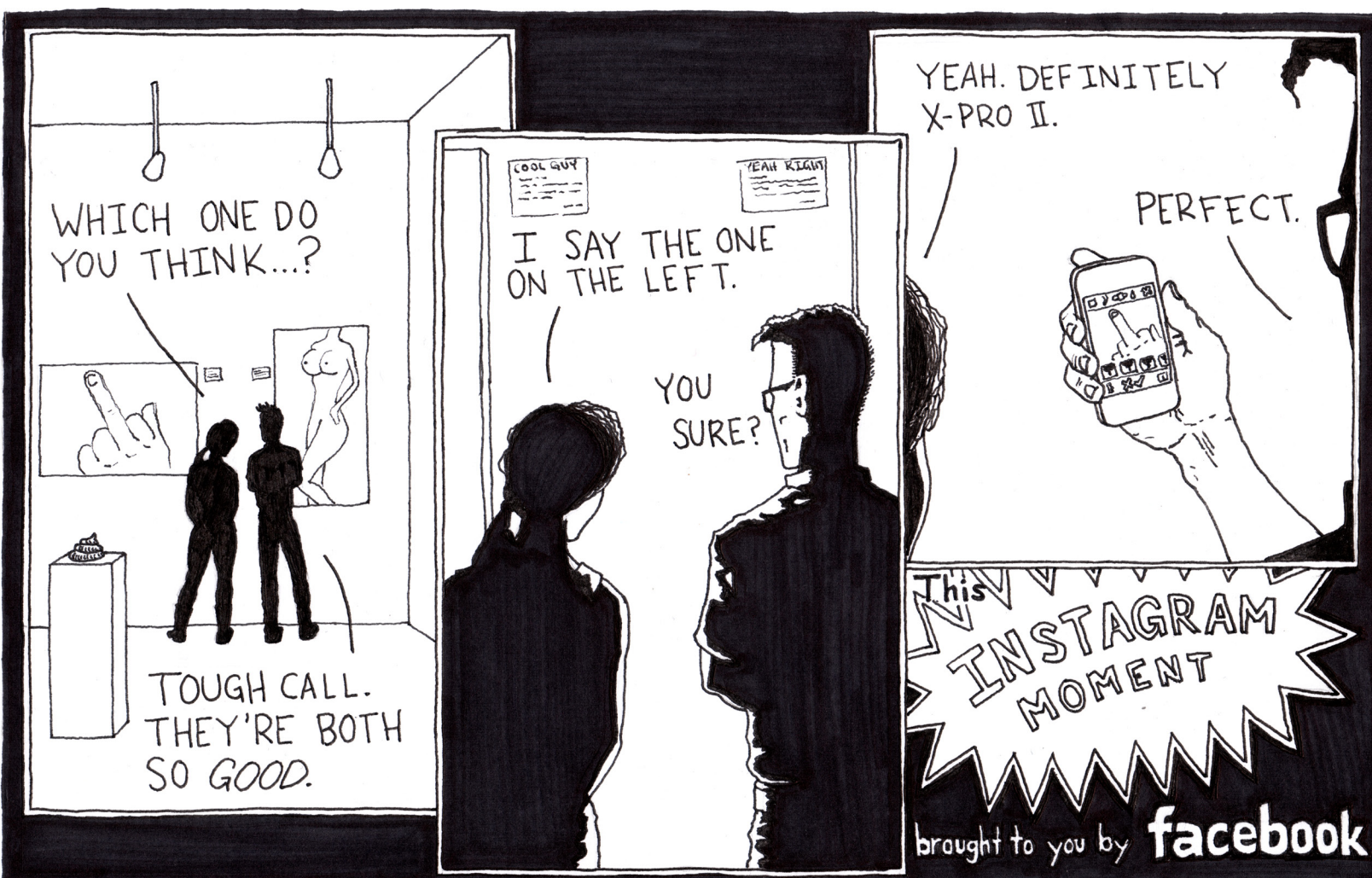
Step 8: Put the lid on the container and refrigerate it. The water and butter will separate during the process of cooling. Just pour out the water before you use the wacky butter.

Step 9: Your wacky butter is now ready for "baking." Get wacky!

DISCLAIMER:

Wacky butter is a very powerful ingredient. A little goes a long way. Be careful not to eat too much of any wacky baked good — you might never come back from it.

comic **JOSH LARSEN**



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DERAILING BIG COAL

NO COAL EUGENE is drafting a **Community Bill of Rights** that could keep corporations at bay and throw a **legal monkey wrench** in the fossil fuel machine.

words **JORDAN CHESNUT**
art **ANDREW HARDT**

Above the vegetarian breakfast carnival that is Morning Glory Café is an upstairs with hallways full of offices rented out to local social-change organizations. The walls are wooden, the floors are wooden, the doors are wooden, and everything is smothered in flyers: "Save the Elliot State Forest," "Occupy Normal," "Join a Food Co-op!" Imagine a neighborhood's tree house headquarters, but for adults, with a blackboard, and not in a tree. The blackboard, pale from decades of scribbled activism, reads, "Welcome to the No Coal Eugene Potluck!"

"I've never seen this room with more people under 30," someone comments after looking around, and we all nod in acknowledgment. Most of us are sprawled on the floor, sitting cross-legged or outright laying on top of full-stomachs. "You guys," Ariel calls out from behind her glasses, "I really think we should drop everything we're doing and focus our attention on getting Obama re-elected." Fifteen or so people erupt in laughter, clattering piles of beet-stained plates, and flailing oily tempeh scraps.

Four years ago, liberal university kids were doing just that – dropping everything for the political war cries of "Change." Obama had us smitten in 2008, and now the 2012 elections are rearing up; but campaigning is like foreplay, and our generation just isn't turned on by the same moves anymore. The bickering partisan talking points of national politics taste socially flat, like eating drywall. The youth population needs something herb-roasted and savory, rich like a baked purple root – the flavor of a Community Bill of Rights.

Under the U.S. constitution, corporations have personhood. The idea is, since corporations are groups of people they shouldn't be deprived of their rights when they act collectively. Communities, like collectives of concerned citizens in Lane County, don't have personhood. The irony runneth over. Creating a Community Bill of Rights in Eugene would bulk up our local decision-making power so we can actually defend our home against the will of the proverbial Man. This is the goal of No Coal Eugene, a coalition of environmental activists acting to change the power-structure in order to keep coal trains and their corporate heads out of the Northwest.

Right now, corporate giants are seeking ports in the Pacific Northwest to export strip-mined coal from the Powder River Basin in Wyoming and Montana to Asian energy manufacturers. This would mean mile-and-a-half-long coal trains coming through Northwest communities like Eugene daily. Their goal is to transport 48 million tons of coal annually.

There is no denying it, coal trains are a repeat of 19th century early industrialization — open carts loaded with chunks of black mineral, perfuming passing homes and countryside with literally tons of loose coal dust. "Coal energy is completely archaic and we shouldn't be using it anymore," says Grace Pettygrove, activist and co-founder of No Coal Eugene.

Coal is nasty on every level — global to local. Heavy doses of green house gases are emitted in the combustion of coal for energy worldwide. Nearby, breathing the coal dust from trains would directly attack our cardiovascular, nervous, and respiratory systems.

This time around, the corporations Metsui, Metro Port, and Peabody are doing the handshaking. The trio has assembled under the name of Project Mainstay and are working towards pinning down the Port of Coos Bay as the departure point of their big commodity exports. "It was like they wanted to choose the most ominous name possible," says Zach Stark-MacMillan about Project Mainstay. Zach is the head of the ordinance committee for No Coal Eugene and a long-standing member of the UO's Climate Justice League, which prompted his involvement in the anti-coal movement.

Zach and other members of the committee are confused. Where are the clean energy alternatives that our government has supposedly spent billions of dollars in subsidies to finance? The days of dirty energy should be over. "Before Project Mainstay people who were fighting coal in Oregon were working on shutting down our last coal plant — the only coal plant in the state," mentioned Zach. Coal's return to the Northwest is a major U-turn in our route towards sustainable energy.

But the problem is bigger than coal. "We don't have a coal problem, we have a democracy

problem," explains Kai Huschke, public speaker for the Community Environmental Legal Defense Fund (CELDF), an organization that assists with community-rights activism. Kai held a workshop for coal-concerned citizens in Eugene to explain the process of cracking the corporate-controlled legal system.

"As it is now, communities don't have any rights, whereas state and federal law backs up the rights of corporations," notes Zach. This is why Project Mainstay is legal. Corporations are allowed to extract natural resources, like coal, and ship them across borders for personal profit. Even if it jeopardizes our health, destroys our ecosystems, and undercuts our local democracy – they have political support. So it isn't gossip to say that our government has been caught cheating on us with Big Business.

what community members are doing close to home.

"Creating a Community Bill of Rights is changing the conversation from talking about permits and how much of this harm are we going to allow to saying that we shouldn't have to allow any of this," comments Zach.

Zach and other members of No Coal Eugene are drafting an ordinance for the Community Bill of Rights, and hope it will be voted on in the May 2013 ballot.

The city of Bellingham, Washington, is a couple steps ahead of us and has already completed their own ordinance. Bellingham is in the process of gathering signatures from local citizens.

Grace believes that if the ordinances pass and Community Bills of Rights are enacted in Eugene and Bellingham, it would stop

infrastructure and our port. We don't have that kind of public money to invest." Elise also mentions the benefit of job creation — a familiar argument for justifying environmental destruction.

"Ultimately, we are still in the conceptual phases," she says. "We are still negotiating the possibility." Sounds good homegirl, but the train wouldn't change its route to avoid spreading coal dust over your front lawn. No matter what, don't cop out and migrate towards a stance of blank ignorance, because that will surely end with corporate celebration; a coal negotiation with Asia could lock us into paralyzing trade-dependency — maybe, forever.

A Community Bill of Rights could stop corporate coal trains from reeling through Eugene because it would give us the precious

We can either drain the corporate swimming pool of its chlorine-drenched power, or allow ourselves to slip into the societal equivalent of servile pool-boy status.

However, there is a way to stop them – by creating a Community Bill of Rights. This would be Eugene's legal chess move that could put our wants over those of the corporations.

Our rights would include "right to self-government, right to sustainable energy future, right to climate that is healthy and natural, and a right to nature, and the livelihood of our ecosystems," as stated in No Coal Eugene's current rough-draft version of the Community Bill of Rights. Sending 150-car coal trains through Eugene would be in direct violation of these rights.

Right now, the U.S. ships out 80 to 100 million tons of coal from its ports annually. The proposals for total coal export terminals in Oregon and Washington could result in another 157 million tons of coal exports, which would more than double the U.S. coal export capacity. Governor Kitzhaber explained all this in a recent letter to members in the nation's capitol. Kitzhaber is calling for a federal review of the environmental impacts, but the real sweat is

Project Mainstay and the exportation of coal from Northwest ports. "If the trains couldn't go through Eugene and Bellingham, there would be no other route for them to take."

Kai and others from CELDF have helped 140 communities assert their rights over corporations. He relates it to prohibitionist movements in the past and believes this kind of work could slowly dismantle the power structure embedded in our government. It won't be easy though. "It will take thousands of communities doing these things at a local level to make a crack at the state level and eventually the federal level," Kai claims.

Right now, a big concern is Coos Bay, where the Port Authority is determining the feasibility of Project Mainstay's shipment proposals.

"We wouldn't be profiting directly, but we would be profiting indirectly," says Elise Hamner, Communications & Community Affairs Manager for the Port of Coos Bay, regarding the construction of a port terminal. "A private entity would be investing $160 million minimum for the train's public

political clout that is usually beyond our reach. And if they take us to court to overturn our decision-making, well, it would cut a major gash in the belly of our government. Suddenly, business profiteers' entanglements in our federal system would be embarrassingly transparent.

We can either drain the corporate swimming pool of its chlorine-drenched power, or allow ourselves to slip into the societal equivalent of servile pool-boy status. Real change can happen on the community level. It is a matter of re-routing our tactics and drafting our own rights instead of fighting for what few are actually given to us. Our generation can be the first to actually penetrate The Man, and change the dynamics of the system – and that is something worth dropping everything for.

If you are interested in helping out, visit NoCoalEugene.org and click on "Get Involved" to join their mailing list and sign up with a team.

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH **ADAM RASMUSSEN**, KEYBOARDIST FOR **GARDENS &VILLA**

words **BRIAN SHIMER**
art **BMF & TJ**

Gardens & Villa (pronounced like Poncho Villa), a psychedelic dream pop band out of Santa Barbara, combines droning Beach House synth, Vampire Weekend vocals, and a dash of Local Natives to set the time machine to London, 1969. They first experienced the mystical woods and creeks of Oregon while recording their debut album at a studio owned by indie producer extraordinaire Richard Swift just south of Eugene in Cottage Grove. Gardens & Villa is currently touring up and down the West Coast. They have a self-titled LP and are working on the their second release, slated for sometime next spring. If you want to see their talents, they will be gracing Sam Bond's Garage in Eugene on May 25, and they'll also be at Sasquatch Music Festival. I spoke to Adam Rasmussen, the man behind the keys of G&V, and discussed gardens, crystals, and conspiracy theories.

Do you have a favorite garden?

Probably on Victoria Island. It's called the Butchart Gardens, just a massive estate that has been passed down for generations. It's a pretty magical place.

While you were in the forests outside of Cottage Grove, was there ever a place that just called to you?

Absolutely. There is a river, but I can't remember what it was called. We spent a lot of time camping in the backyard of the studio because it was summer and we wanted a kind of peaceful place for recording. So we set up tents, and in the mornings we would drive up the road and kick it. There are a lot of good swimming holes, so we would go up there and swim around, and soak in the sun. The area up there has a cool natural energy to it.

How is the sophomore effort coming along?

We have been writing for quite a while. The first record, before we recorded, had already been finished for a year. We are hoping to sit down, polish it and record it this winter, and release it next spring.

Have you ever played in Eugene before?

Yeah, we played at the Tectonic Jelly Warehouse, a homegrown venue. There was only 30 to 50 people there. It was loud, a little bit punk rock, no stage at all. We were just packed into a corner.

What was Gardens & Villa like in the primordial stage?

We were a three-piece. Definitely some punk influences, somewhat between a noise-ensemble and post-rock.

What is a typical day like at in your element in Santa Barbra?

We all lived in the same house together, anything from working at bars and cafes, to riding our bikes around and hiking the trails around the area. We had a garden there full of vegetables, so pretty much whatever we could survive on, we grew. So a lot of time working in the garden, drinking coffee in the backyard, riding bikes around, and working at bars and cafes and trying to sustain.

The song "Chemtrails" has conspiracy theory connotations. Do you believe in any conspiracy theories?

It's an interesting thing to think about, but if you spend your whole day thinking about them, life would be a drag.

I heard you were playing in Las Vegas tonight. Any stories yet?

I'm not really much for gambling. It is kind of an overwhelming place to be. I've never been here. We are trying to find some peace and quiet, as much as we can. It's a pretty wild place.

I noticed crystals on the photo blog on the G&V website and in the Black Hills music video. What do crystals mean to you?

Crystals are like anything you want to believe in, I think if you put your faith in something. I'm not sure if they work or if they are real but we have crystals and we usually travel with them. There are different crystals for friendship and traveling. But the crystal in the video is really just the boy's; it's extraterrestrial and represents something he covets.

Musical influences?

Inspiration for Gardens doesn't come from a single source, but big band stuff like older Phish and parts of psychedelia like Moody Blues or Kaleidoscope and some '70s stuff like Fleetwood Mac and The Beatles, but everyone listens to The Beatles. A band that I have been into recently is a new band in Minneapolis called Poliça, and we really look up to bands such as Beach House and Grizzly Bear. Those two inspired us to do what we are doing now.

Is there any advantage to wearing sunglasses at night?

I always have a pair of sunglasses on me night or daytime, so I don't know the difference. But I always like to write music wearing sunglasses because it gives me some type of distance, so that I can focus on what is right in front of me.

animal shelter blues

A starved budget threatens to dismantle Lane County's progressive pound.

words **LUCY OHLSEN**
art **TAYLOR JOHNSTON**

"Smokin' Joe is very toy-oriented." Joe turns and runs off, ball in mouth, droplets of drool flying behind him. He looks back over his skinny white body, his black eyes gleaming expectantly. "Let Joe chill!" Kylie Belachaikovsky, senior officer at Lane County Animal Services, advises Joe's antsy prospective adopters. Joe chills for a minute and drops his soggy ball, cautiously eyeing his potential canine bro. The two engage in a heated chase, but it only lasts for about 20 seconds (1:20 dog time). Joe picks up his ball again, and shows the wet mass of fabric off to the other pooch, who proceeds to express extreme disinterest and idles away towards his papa.

Turns out Smokin' Joe is a little too toy-oriented for this family. But Kylie's OK with that — you can't force a bond like man's best friend.

Smokin' Joe is bunking at LCAS, the all-inclusive animal shelter equivalent to human public school (they have to take everybody). It has been providing Eugene with all dog and cat licensing, shelter, adoption and other animal services. Since 2007, the city of Eugene has had a contract with LCAS to provide these services, and LCAS gets a good chunk of its funding from this and similar contracts with Springfield and Lane County. $130,000 has been pulled from the budget for next year, though, and the city has effectively thrown up its arms. Due to the haunting fiscal reality, city officials have decided something at LCAS has got to give.

With her hands on hips, towering in front of a pit bull's kennel, Kylie looks tough. She has blazing red hair, a metal tongue piercing, and well-worn Chucks on her feet. She is incredibly relaxed in the presence of about a thousand barking and crying dogs. She has been working at LCAS for seven years, and though she's not allowed to talk about the city's "transition process" for LCAS, she says the reason she thinks people are upset is that these changes are happening so fast. The city wants a new system in place by July.

After working in animal shelters for 20 years, Kylie has honed what she calls her "spidey sense". She is constantly running from dog to dog, visitor to visitor, making sure nobody is hissing, nipping, or putting their noses too far in somebody else's business. "I love this work," she says. "Every cat and dog is so complex and individual. You've got to make the right match between their personality and a home."

Kylie knows every single dog at the shelter. She writes pun-filled bios (e.g., "can you help Cadillac go from clunker to luxury pup?") for all the animals available for adoption, hoping to snag each of them the right home. She recounts a Tibetan terrier that presented a particular challenge: "He was the cutest dog in the shelter" — an innocent, scruffy little guy, bangs obscuring his vision, behind the iron bars of one of the kennels. A real tear-jerker. "But he was a biter," Kylie says. The family Kylie secured for the terrier, though, was perfect. They'd had Tibetan terriers all their life, and knew the ins and outs of the breed. "You have to look past the surface stuff," Kylie says, and I start to reconsider my initial affection for the black Labrador-looking fella. Did I want him just because he was cute?

When potential adopters come in, Kylie can read a dog's reaction as if it were speaking in human tongues. She makes sure each dog has a "buddy," and organizes the dogs into social groups. When a dog has "issues," her concern is "what can I do to make this dog feel better?" For Mister, a hip-height, caramel-colored, boxy-faced boy prone to bludgering up other doggies, that means fetch. If Mister gets to chase down a frisbee once or twice a day without the confines of a fence, he's nothing but a plain old "cutie pie."

Having goals for very low euthanasia and programs like the canine social groups are what Kylie calls components of a "progressive" shelter. LCAS proudly posts their live release rates (the percentage of animals not euthanized) – something a lot of shelters don't do. "Everyone can agree that what we want is a progressive shelter," she said. So as long as the community keeps voicing concern about the transition, the shelter at LCAS has a good chance to continue to be ahead of the curve.

Kit Duchin, a volunteer at LCAS, fears that some of the more risky programs that Kylie and the LCAS staff do to help out the animals will change if the LCAS staff is replaced. They have a program where they take dogs to Serbu juvenile detention center to visit with the inmates. They have started allowing volunteers to bike high-energy dogs on a leash. They take dogs to homes for the elderly. All these things, Kit says, increases the dogs' adoptability — the social interaction and the freedom to actually expend doggy energy (as all dogs should) makes the dogs happy and appealing to potential families.

LCAS also does a lot with other groups in the Eugene community. A local high school class takes all the profile pictures of the dogs that are used for ads and the LCAS website. They

have a wide network of foster families that allow them to keep more animals and allow the more solitary or fragile cats and dogs to stay sane. Kylie says that without LCAS's support from community donations and volunteers, they wouldn't be able to do everything they do and pay the bills.

The city has tried to make changes to LCAS quickly, like ripping off a Band-Aid. But the community erupted over a problem no one wants to face. The city decided that Eugene will take care of its own dog licensing and animal code enforcement (i.e. animal control), instead of paying LCAS to do so. While this issue is contentious (who is the city going to rely on... the police?), the remaining services — sheltering and adoption — really pull the trigger for hell-raisers of the animal welfare advocate community.

The city has formed an "interagency team" to come up with an "alternative model" that will replace LCAS. With this kind of bureaucratic lingo, they must be hiding something. Basically, they want somebody to do what LCAS does, but they want to pay less for it. But that assumes that the people who run LCAS – with all of their progressive policies and expertise – can be replaced. A "Request for Proposals" from groups interested in taking over the shelter is now out, but as of yet no group has expressed interest publicly.

Keli Osborne, a Division Manager for the City of Eugene, shrugged her shoulders and sighed when asked about the future of the shelter. She says LCAS may close completely, or the staff could undergo a total overhaul. Close to zero emotion registers on her face, as if talking about the fate of a house full of "unwanted" pups and glassy-eyed kitties warrants no human reaction. She says whoever is given the contract will be held accountable by the city to abide by "quality of care" standards. "We don't want to move backwards," she says. Of course, she doesn't want the low euthanasia rates to change, either, but says budget constraints are forcing the city to be the bad guy.

"What's really important in our community," she says, "is that what's going on at the shelter is transparent." The city has held two public forums to gather input on the transition, and citizens can also post their concerns on the city's website.

Kit Duchin, scoffed at these claims about being transparent and open. She attended the second public forum, where citizens were invited to write their concerns about several topics on designated easels. "If you want to engage the community, you let them speak!" she said, her eyes wide and wild. Many who attended the forum echoed her agitated ranting. "The public doesn't care about the things they were asking," Kit says. She feels the whole process was basically the city's attempt to gently assuage the concerned animal advocates without actually considering their opinions.

> "Basically, they want somebody to do what LCAS does, but they want to pay less for it."

Osborne encourages animal advocates to stay involved, so that the solution eventually found for LCAS will sustain the gains it has made. She says their concerns are significant and appropriate.

While the proposals for the transition are coming in, LCAS is to remain operating the way it has been. The workers are expected to keep showing up and keep kitties purring, even though they might be out of work in a matter of months. Whoever takes over LCAS will have authority to completely overhaul its operations and staff. "I definitely haven't been offered a position," Kylie says.

The city's Request for Proposals does reflect a lot of what the animal advocates are concerned about. Potential contractors have to answer a three-page, highly detailed questionnaire about how they will provide services that will keep up LCAS's standards of collaboration, transparency, low euthanasia rates ,and quality animal care. If the city wants to sustain what LCAS has done and is doing, though, why are they even trying to find a replacement?

The answer is, of course, "budget shortfalls." It remains to be seen whether revamping LCAS with a new administration, structure, or staff, will actually save the city any money. Kit Duchin is flabbergasted that the city isn't consulting the current LCAS staff. "The transition should be transformed by those who have expertise. Not taking advantage of that expertise is criminal!" she says.

Budget reductions aren't just aimed at our furry friends. Eugene's public library and fire department are also looking at changing their services to accommodate constrained budgets. But Kit points out that reducing library hours "isn't a matter of life and death."

While statements like that are extreme, and some animal advocates can seem a little irrational, the city could take advantage of the expertise of people like Kylie. LCAS has just barely been able to show off its newly honed practices of transparency and community collaboration. They shouldn't fall by the wayside just because funds are short. By focusing on the short term fiscal reality and not the long term fates of furrier citizens, the city might just be barking up the wrong tree.

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Getting a college education is, we're told, an investment for the future. But when you graduate to discover that your BA doesn't necessarily guarantee employment, you are going to wish you had a backup plan. That's why the **OREGON VOICE** is releasing these limited edition Professor Trading Kardz™. In 50 years, these collector's items will be worth more than you can imagine. Carefully cut out the individual Kardz™, keep them in protective sleeves so you don't devalue them by breathing on them, and save them for a rainy day. Collect all 150!

OREGON VOICE PROFESSOR TRADING KARDZ ™ GOTTA CATCH 'EM ALL

THAT CAMPUS HOTTIE

Here at Campus Hottie Headquarters we have researchers working round the clock to sift through all the "campus notties" in hopes of stumbling upon dreamgirls like Youngju Park, the official Campus Hottie in this issue of the Oregon Voice. Also known as YoJo, you may have noticed her before, effortlessly bringing the heat to the ASUO front desk like it's nobody's official UO business. Really though, every once in awhile a smoking hot babe comes along who isn't a total bitch with no personality, and Youngju is one of those rare babes. A hard-working Linguistics major, Youngju is sweet on the eyes and the ears, lookin' good and givin' a shit about what you have to say. Word on the street is that shorty can get down in a yoga class, but she's probably not down to stretch it out with you, because homegirl's taken. Time to break out the jorts and lemonade, people — this one's a scorcher!

Name: Youngju Park

Age: 21

Major: Linguistics

Relationship Status: Spoken for

Favorite Movie: *The Wizard of Oz*

Favorite band/musician: Iron & Wine

Turn-ons: Juicy lips

Turn-offs: Judgmental attitudes

Guilty pleasure: *Charmed*

Celebrity crush: Matt Damon

Sleeping attire of choice: T-shirt/panty combo

Ideal date: Really nice wine.

GAMES

SANGITA GOPAL

DEPARTMENT: English
POSITION: Associate Professor
UNDERGRAD GPA: Really. Do you also want to know how old I am?

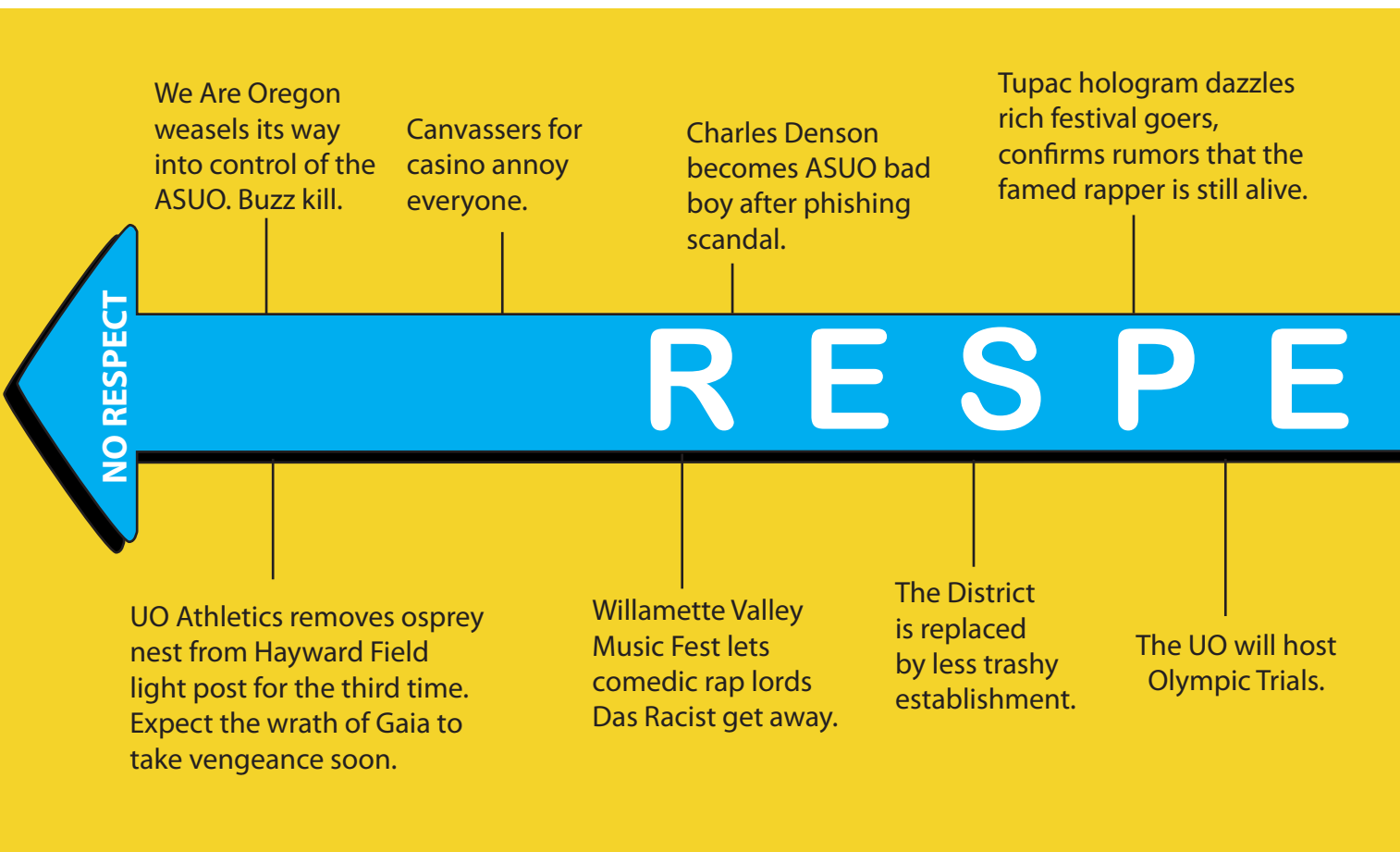
WHAT'S YOUR GO-TO KARAOKE SONG?
"I Will Survive"
WHAT TURNS YOU ON?
Valet parking — preferably free
WHAT HAPPENS AFTER WE DIE?
We are reborn.
WHAT'S THE STUPIDEST THING A STUDENT HAS EVER SAID IN CLASS?
I have never heard a student say a stupid thing. Ever. Never. Not in class.

GALEN MARTIN

DEPARTMENT: International Studies, Environmental Studies
POSITION: Senior instructor
UNDERGRAD G.P.A. : 3.9

WHAT'S YOUR GO-TO KARAOKE SONG?
"Something in the Way She Moves" as sung by James Taylor
WHAT TURNS YOU ON?
The smell of rain in an arid climate
WHAT HAPPENS AFTER WE DIE?
We become part of some universal whole.
WHAT'S THE STUPIDEST THING A STUDENT HAS EVER SAID IN CLASS?
"...the part of the ocean that borders countries."

Look for more Professor Trading Kardz™ in our upcoming issues. Make sure you never miss an issue of OREGON VOICE ever, or else your collection will be incomplete and therefore worthless!


We Are Oregon weasels its way into control of the ASUO. Buzz kill.
Canvassers for casino annoy everyone.
Charles Denson becomes ASUO bad boy after phishing scandal.
Tupac hologram dazzles rich festival goers, confirms rumors that the famed rapper is still alive.
NO RESPECT
R E S P E
UO Athletics removes osprey nest from Hayward Field light post for the third time. Expect the wrath of Gaia to take vengeance soon.
Willamette Valley Music Fest lets comedic rap lords Das Racist get away.
The District is replaced by less trashy establishment.
The UO will host Olympic Trials.

MADLIB: ON THE GARDEN GRIND

While drinking my morning _____ (liquid) and gazing out of my back window, I was _____ (emotion -ed) to see that my once-beautiful garden was now _____ (adj.). I had _____ (verb -ed) and weeded for _____ (length of time), but to no avail. My beets were _____ (adj.), my carrots were hardly _____ (adj.), and don't even get me started on the state of my _____ (noun). I asked my friend _____ (person in room) to come over and _____ (verb). He/She is a _____ (hobbie) major; (s)he knows what (s)he's doing. Mere minutes after we began, _____ (same person) exclaimed "Holy _____ (noun)! Doesn't this turnip look like _____ (religious figure)?""No," I replied _____ (adverb). "That looks more like _____ (celebrity)." We worked for _____ (number) more hours and by the end of the day, my _____ (body part) was aching, my legs were _____ (color) from kneeling, and my hands were _____ (adj.) from exertion. The fruits of our labor were obvious: my kale was _____ (verb –ing), my tomatoes were _____ (verb –ing). Hell, even my watermelons were _____ (adj.). I _____ (adverb) rose from the brambles, raised my _____ (body part) in the air and screamed, "_____ (exclamation)! This is my garden, _____ (term of endearment)!" I took _____ (same person)'s _____ (body part) in mine and we went back inside to drink _____ (alcoholic beverage) and eat _____ (food) with _____ (facial expression – pl.) on our faces. Damn, it feels good to be a _____ (profession).

HOME & GARDEN WORDSEARCH

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BUDS
COMPOST
DIRTY
DOGHOUSE
EGGROLL
FERTILE
FURNISH
HARVEST
HOE
HOMIE
PUSSYCAT
RECIPE
SEASONAL
SOILED

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X I T C S I K P D B W S L A M
E G R R O F U U I Y F F P N U
B G M K P T B R Z Q R V V D R
M Q Z J M K D E L I O S R A W
R Q A I O S L L O R G G E I O
H I J P C C H B W D P K C D T
S N S R L T N S E P U T I E Z
I H O F A M N Y Q E S T P J R
N O T U N B O A Y E S V E G R
R M I I O K R B V T Y X Z T S
U I V N S L T R G Y C H H O Z
F E I O A R A V I G A K O D X
C A I Y E H L E L I T R E F E
P X W E S U O H G O D I R T Y

UO Football team likes to get high.

Ducks After Dark showing some pretty chill movies on Thursdays.

ASUO President Ben Eckstein fights for our right to party, successfully stops City Council's crack down on drunk parties from passing.

C T R U M

MAD RESPECT

Bake sale held in front of Duck Store.

Infamous LTD/ shaven nutsack guy is now wearing a tutu.

South Eugene High School girls softball has difficult season.

UO faculty are now in a union.

Cascadia Forest Defenders occupy the trees to protest the Goose Project timber sale near McKenzie Bridge.

Artist: M. Ward
Album: *A Wasteland Companion*
Label: Merge Records

words **NOAH PORTER**

On his new album, *A Wasteland Companion*, Portland's own Matt Ward delivers nothing less than his usual house-blend of humming guitars and hushed, inspired songwriting. However, much unlike the love-struck infinitum that set the stage for 2008's *Hold Time*, Ward's new offering centers on the search for something real in a modern, industrial dystopia.

At times the album takes an unusually dark and spooky tone, as Ward paints his wasteland with static-laden electric guitar and rhythmic Cash-like storytelling. The rumbling "Watch The Show" sings the ballad of a TV station employee who is fed up with the programming and resolves to "telejack" the station to address the late night watchers and wake them from their media-induced stupor.

But Ward finds refuge from our pre-programmed society in the mystique of wild, untamed love. Songs like "Wild Goose," "There's A Key," and "First Time I Ran Away" share a woodsy acoustic sound and a hint of romantic escapism. Ward's voice weaves in folksy rhythm like wind through a forest, hinting that there is still something true and wonderful beneath the wiry surface, dare we seek it together.

This togetherness seems to be key in escaping Ward's dystopia. When played front to back, *A Wasteland Companion* guides us through a romantic story arc that begins with initial attraction in the form of rockabilly dance numbers like "Primitive Girl," "Sweetheart" and "I Get Ideas," and ends with the swooning "Pure Joy" — in which Ward and his lover walk off into a boundless horizon and fade to black.

The title of the album initially struck me as being reminiscent of a field guide, and I still stand by that theory. It seems that Ward is telling us that we live in a scary place, but — if we can follow a few extremely complicated dance steps and eat the right berries — paradise might be closer than we think.

Rated: A Day at the Spa out of Sitting on Bleachers.

Live Review: Wanda Jackson, Sallie Ford & the Sound Outside at the WOW Hall 4/19

words **JACK WASHER**
photo **ALLISON FONDER**

There's a sort of cruel irony in the music biz: If you outlive all your peers you aren't rewarded or congratulated, but rather you become the one that is forgotten. Although I personally hadn't heard much of Wanda Jackson before seeing her at the WOW Hall, I can assure you, she certainly has not been forgotten nor will she be for a long time. I can't say whether I was more amazed by her tiny stature and grandmotherly appearance, or her rasping growl that bombarded the audience like a rain of fire. Her show was more a guided tour through the illustrious beginnings of rock 'n' roll than a concert. In between songs, she wooed us with tales of going on dates with Elvis, wowed us with recollections of good ol' Jerry Lee, and even got away with calling Jack White a "velvet-covered brick," which is probably the best description anybody could give him.

The whole concert felt like stepping through a wormhole back to 1957. Jackson's opening band, Sallie Ford and the Sound Outside, mixed dashes of roots rock, blues, country, and enough hearty sass to fill a soup kitchen. Her powerful, yet bouncy voice reverberated like a rusty jukebox over the twangy guitars and whetted my appetite to see her as a headliner. Judging by the hefty amount of new material she played, you can bet there's soon to be a kick-ass sophomore album in the mix. The juxtaposition of two generations of female performers playing their own brands of rock 'n' roll left me tingling with delight, and all I could say was "that was so fucking rad, you guys!"

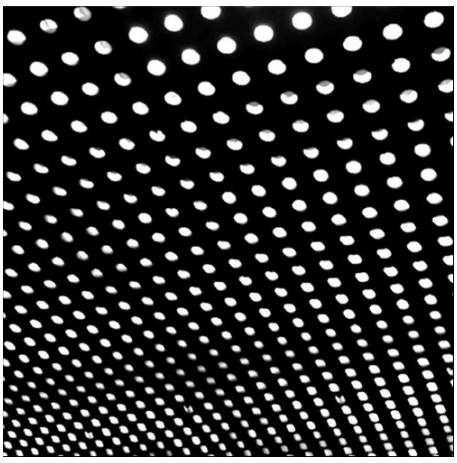
Rated: Velvet-Covered Bricks out of Corduroy Cinder Blocks

Artist: Beach House
Album: *Bloom*
Label: Sub-Pop

words **MITCHELL RIVET**

With the success of their last album, *Teen Dream*, anticipation for more ethereal dream pop from Beach House has been building. Often, bands seem to have trouble with their third or fourth records when they are forced to re-interest their fans with something new. *Bloom* does not have this issue, because it takes the melodic, textural elements of the band's signature sound in a deeper and more mature direction.

The somber mood of the lyrics unifies the songs with a feeling of wanting something more in life. Words like "It's never as it seems / Help me to name it" (from "Myth") express a very human feeling of helplessness and



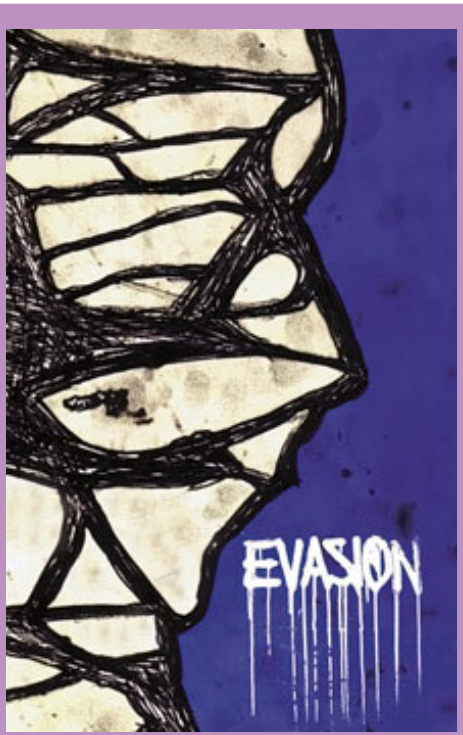
yearning when trying to express ourselves to one another. This may seem depressing, but other songs reach for the bliss and timelessness of love with lines such as "You'll see it's farther than we could be / It's deeper than you and me" (from "The Hours"). The juxtaposition of unlike emotions reveals the album as a meditation on what it means to be human, from meaninglessness to overwhelming beauty; from isolation to the miracle of love.

Bloom's instrumental sound is typical of Beach House, with a drum machine that sounds like Bop-It (especially on "Wild"), pretty synth melodies (like in the intro to "Lazuli"), and harmonic textures floating like ghosts in the background. I prefer the sound on *Bloom* to *Teen Dream*, because there is never too much density with the textures. Nothing is overdone. There is just enough happening to accent the dark and mellow tones of Victoria's voice, which is deeply soulful and instantly recognizable.

Despite its many successes, the album does contain minor flaws, particularly in its organization. The catchiest songs are at the front half of the record, leading to an anticlimactic finish. I was excited and felt special when I found the secret track at the end, but all the coolness of having an extra song was obliterated by the fact that it sounds just like the rest of the album. In fact, *Bloom*'s biggest issue is that the songs don't feel different enough. They all have pretty similar tempos and an airy, contemplative mood to them. It would be more interesting if each held a more distinct level of emotional intensity, leading to more rises and falls across the whole album.

The bottom line is that *Bloom* is enchanting with its emotional complexity and by far Beach House's best yet. Just don't feel like you have to listen to it start to finish.

Rated: Back-Handed Complement out of Bitch Slap.



Book: *Evasion*
Author: Anonymous
Publisher: CrimethInc Ex-worker's Collective

words **JOSEPH DE SOSA**

Over two thousand years ago, Aristotle wrote that the poor will revolt in order to get what is necessary for self-preservation and the rich will revolt in order to gain wealth. However, he wrote nothing about the revolt of white suburban middle class youth. *Evasion*, whose author remains anonymous, is an autobiographical account of a suburban youth's revolt against corporate excess, his parents, and society's requirement that he should go to school and get a job. The book was published by Crimethinc Ex-Workers' Collective, an anarchist publisher in Salem, Oregon and can be purchased on their website, **www.crimethinc.com**, for six bucks.

After graduating high school, Anonymous decided that he needed neither a job nor a college degree, and instead chose the rarely discussed "third option": become a hobo and live off the excess of a hyper-consumerist society, where people throw away perfectly good cakes, bagels, fruits, veggies, clothing, and video games. The author refuses to pay for food, choosing instead to either find it in dumpsters or steal it from corporate supermarkets. To make money, which he spends almost exclusively on '90s straight-edge hardcore LPs and cassettes, Anonymous steals from corporations and then exploits their return policies, which require no receipt and give cash for returns of under $20. The more he steals, the more sophisticated and efficient the theft techniques he picks up. He is a straight-edge vegan punk straight out of the '90s hardcore scene, and the book is littered with references to the scene's songs and bands.

He train-hops and hitchhikes across the country in order to truly live, rather than become a nine-to-five consumerist corporate zombie-slave. He shuns inhabiting his bedroom in his parents' suburban house, and instead chooses to inhabit abandoned houses and boats, university libraries (including our own Knight Library), and roof tops (including Sy's Pizza).

Reading *Evasion* is an experience of ambivalence and a test of endurance. The author's stories are engaging and empowering, but with 270 pages of essentially the same theme done over again with different props and settings, the book is repetitive. The author himself is self-righteous, hypocritical, pretentious, and arrogant — yet undeniably clever.

Sure, it's cool that he hops trains, eats for free, reads books all day, breaks into abandoned houses, and doesn't do drugs or eat meat. To him, these things make him cooler than everyone else, which may actually be true, but I still find it incredibly off-putting when he repeatedly mentions this. The same is true of segments where he talks about lying to and then making fun of people who drove him for hours, helped him train-hop to his next destination, put a roof over his head, or fed him when he was starving.

Though he actively rejects "the system," the author does have a loose and often compromised set of morals and rules, including those for dumpstering: do not take more than you need, leave the dumpster cleaner than you found it, and do not dumpster for profit. At one point it seems as though he thinks the dumpsters are only his, and only people who follow his rules ought to use them. He condemns the kids in his hometown when they do not follow his rules. However, at many points in the book, he breaks his own rules and laughs it off.

Despite his flaws, the author preserves his likability by not taking himself too seriously, and it's enough to make the book worth reading. Though often repetitive, especially since the author does not grow in any real way throughout the book, there are some great stories in the second half that make it worth finishing. And despite all the negativity I felt reading this book, the author may be right when he addresses his haters within the book. We are all just jealous.

Rated: Compost out of Landfills.

Artist: Big Baby Gandhi
Mixtape: *NO1 2 LOOK UP 2*
Label: Greedhead

words **NOAH DEWITT**

A Venn diagram comparing Queens-based rapper Big Baby Gandhi and his namesake, Mahatma Gandhi, would look something like this: The former is a fiery 22-year-old MC signed to Das Racist's Greedhead label, whereas the latter is a widely venerated saint and the father of a nation. The former raps about wanting more money, whereas the latter's face is on India's national currency. The former's interests include pharmaceutics, psychedelics, and casual sex, whereas the latter is more into nonviolence and reverence for the Divine. But despite their differences, each of the Gandhis has made the world a better place through the power of his message. On his new 18-track mixtape, *NO1 2 LOOK UP 2*, the follow-up to his debut *Big Fucking Baby*, Big Baby Gandhi continues his quest for funds and fun with his witty, raunchy, nasal shouts, and shows promise of becoming what he claims to be already — *the best rapper alive*.

The mixtape starts out with the instrumental "Long Ass Intro," which loops echoey Indian female vocals over skirmishes of sitar, slight synthy warbles, and an occasional boom of electronic bass drum. Right away, the production on *NO1 2 LOOK UP 2* comes across as polished and digital, a clear break from the fuzzy, raw, analog tracks of *Big Fucking Baby*.

The intro transitions eventually into "Blue Magic," in which BBG hypes himself and smears all other rappers: "Y'all sound like Coldplay / Y'all sound like Oprah / Me, I sound so dope, bruh / Money out the chocha." True to the MC archetype, Gandhi writes mostly about his stunning talent for rapping, his steamy exploits in the sack, his widespread street cred, and his ever-increasing moolah. But his hyperbole and sporadic shouts of "SWAG!" make it clear that his cocky bravado is a big meta-joke.

BBG is just as quick to self-deprecate as he is to self-promote, and this is a major part of his humor. He spits plenty of self-directed put-downs on *NO1 2 LOOK UP 2*, but the best example comes from "What U Think," the penultimate track on *Big Fucking Baby*: "I might be on my cell phone / Text a honey, 'Dip, you wanna lick?' She be like hell no / Who is this? How'd you get my numba'? / All my homies be like how'd you get so dumb, huh?" His boasts fall flat to reveal the man behind the ego — Nafis Bin Islam, a short, broke, nasty-mouthed Queens Borough kid who's usually strung out on a druggy cocktail.

After some mid-album hallucinogen-themed jazzercise funk ("Boogie Nights") and a poolside pump-up jam about Arnold Palmers and making money ("Get $$$"), *NO1* heads into an angsty second half with "American Experience," which is about being an immigrant in a post-9/11 U.S. Here, Gandhi has a bone to pick with white America's economic exclusion of brown people like him: "My mom would buy phone cards to call home, she a life force / Son of an extraterrestrial / Best of the best, put the checks on a pedestal / Bottom of the pyramid / If ain't a dollar, I ain't hearing it, period." Although the song drives at a serious point, it's still packed with plenty of playful MC hubris: "Champagne for my real friends / Real pain for my sham friends, aight?"

There are a few verses on *NO1 2 LOOK UP 2* that may cause yawning or track skipping. For this reason, it fails to outshine Gandhi's exceptional, out-of-fucking-nowhere debut mixtape, *Big Fucking Baby*. After bumping both, you get the sense that *BFB* was several years' worth of freestyle gems and rhyme revelations, slowly refined and concentrated into a single dense masterpiece, while the rhymes on *NO1* never got the chance to fully ripen. But don't take my word for it. Both are worth tasting. Both are free online.

Rating: Eugene Potlucks out of Two-Man Hunger Strikes.

Bar: Level Up Arcade

words **MARGARET APPEL**

Built on an ancient dignity burial ground, Level Up Arcade is being watched closely in its effort to prove itself as a worthy replacement for the legend that once was The District. A large intimidating bouncer is always the first thing you want to see, so Level Up delivers in that respect. Walking through the door you might think this place has all the potential nostalgia to make you feel like a kid again, only drunk this time. But unfortunately, Level Up just kind of blows. The game selection values quantity over quality — there are a few classic greats, but you usually have to wait around for a while to use them. During this time you could head to the large wrap-around bar and receive ice-cold service from some people who are a lot cooler than you because they're working at a college town barcade.

The biggest gripe you'll have with this place is the cost of actually gaming. Fifty cents per credit is too high, decreasing levels of satisfaction to something lower than my Big Buck Hunter score. The pinball selection is probably the best thing they have going for them, there are plenty of machines including that one with the fish that I love so much. At one point I managed to snag a bite of a stranger's panini (shout out to you, dude!) and found

that it was served just the way a perfect bar panini should be: underwhelming and swimming in grease. The french fries, however, I would strongly advise against. They are soggy and weird.

Overall Level Up isn't *that* bad, but I legitimately believe that The District may have permanently marinated the vibes of this establishment in a lot of baking soda, a little bit of ecstasy, and equal parts Jägermeister and frat sweat.

Rated: Sega Dreamcast out of Nintendo 64.

Chill Spot: EMU Back Loading Dock

words **MARY-KATE MORONEY**
photo **SREANG HOK**

The loading dock on the south side of the EMU is a chill-ass spot. With a variety of cushy crates to choose from, the dock proves the perfect venue for a time out before you've got to scoot yer' boot back to class. Those who earn their skrilla working hard around campus know this spot as a breakroom of sorts, and by extension a sanctuary. "When we're not taking fire on the line, we're out back havin' a smoke," shares EMU Subway employee Cheddar Bob. Though the loading dock seems to be most popular among EMU workers, there's a vast array of smokers, jokers, eaters, readers, and phone-talkers who regularly get their kicks here. Haven't peeped the dock yet? The dock's probably peeped you! Hundreds of folks walk by everyday without chancing a glance, which makes it a perfect people-watching perch. The feeling is always the same, but the scene is always changing. Every now and then some EMU office will get new furniture and drop old swivel-chairs and moldy desks on the dock to get tossed. But in between the dropping and tossing, there's some proper furnishing going on — ooh, saucy. And there's never a dull moment — as it is a *loading* dock, hella trucks come through and haul a few big personalities with them, bearing news from the outside world. It's a great spot to get some quiet alone time, but almost everyone that pops up is down to shoot the shit. If you can't hang in this chill spot, dawg — you don't really know what it means to chill.

Rated: Rhombus out of Parallelogram.

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D.I.Y. MOSS GRAFFITI

BY JULIAN WATTS

WHAT THE FUCK IS MOSS GRAFFITI?

TURNS OUT IT IS A PRETTY COOL THING! BASICALLY IT'S LIKE GRAFFITI BUT INSTEAD OF USING SPRAYPAINT TO CREATE RAW, GRUNGY-ASS ACTS OF VANDALISM, YOU CREATE TASTEFUL AND ECOFRIENDLY DESIGNS TO DECORATE THE OUTER WALLS OF HIP CAFES AND BOOKSTORES. SERIOUSLY THOUGH, GOOGLE THIS SHIT AND IT WILL BLOW YOUR MIND. YOU ARE LITERALLY DRAWING WITH MOSS, ITS NUTS! IF U THINK THAT THIS IS SOMETHING YOU WANT TO PURSUE, IT IS HELLA EASY, JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS:

HERE IS WHAT YOU WILL NEED:

- ONE OR TWO CLUMPS OF MOSS
- 2 CUPS OF BUTTERMILK
- 2 CUPS OF WATER (OR BEER)
- ½ TSP. OF SUGAR
- CORN SYRUP (OPTIONAL)

STEP 1: PUT ALL OF THE INGREDIENTS INTO A BLENDER AND BLEND THEM UNTILL THE MIXTURE BECOMES TOTALLY SMOOTH

STEP 2 IF IT IS REALLY "DRIPPY" ADD SOME CORN SYRUP

↳ USE A PAINTBRUSH TO PAINT THE POTION ON TO THE WALLS!

EVENTUALLY MOSS WILL GROW FROM THE STRANGE BREW YOU PAINTED ONTO THE WALLS, AND YOU WILL HAVE A LIVING, BREATHING PIECE OF GRAFFITI. SO IF YOU EVER WANT TO GO OUT AND BOMB THE STREETS IN A WAY THAT EVERYONE WILL LOVE AND SUPPORT, TRY MOSS GRAFFIT! - JULIAN

APPLY FOR 2012-13 STAFF POSITIONS!

OREGON VOICE

Staff Application

Please return this form along with any work samples to the Oregon Voice mailbox in the ASUO Office or at our weekly meetings (Thursdays at 6 p.m. in the Umpqua Room). Class work is acceptable for work samples. Email oregonvoice@gmail.com for more information. Oregon Voice abides by university non-discrimination policies. Your responses can either can be typed or handwritten on this page.

Name: _____
Phone: _____
Email: _____
Year in school: _____
Major(s): _____
Dance experience: _____

What are your areas of interest or expertise?

Position(s) Desired:

- ☐ Publisher
- ☐ Editor-in-chief
- ☐ Managing Editor
- ☐ Associate Editor
- ☐ Copy Editor
- ☐ Website Manager
- ☐ Multimedia Director
- ☐ Staff Writer
- ☐ Illustrator/Photographer
- ☐ Designer

What relevant journalistic/writing/design/publishing/online/multimedia/event planning experience do you have?

What are your plans after graduation? How will a position with the OV complement your "career" goals?

What do like about the magazine? What are some subjects you would like to write about? What new sections would you add to improve the magazine?

Please write a deliberately bad poem:

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